

THE FAIR PLAY.

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PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow.
If you listen to all that is said as you go:
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew.
For the tongue is a dangerous thing, and it will not be long
Before it will tell you all that is in your mind.
And people will talk.
If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a waltz in the eyes of the world, or else you're a fool.
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.
And then, if you show the least boldness of heart
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, you'll be called a vain,
But keep ahead of them—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.
If there's a word of dress and old-fashioned your
hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strongly that you can't pay your
way.
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.
If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they'll criticize then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's un-
paid.
But mind your own business—there's naught to
be made—
For people will talk.
Now, the best way to do it is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at
ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

WHAT SHALL WE WRAP THE BABY IN?

BY LUCY LARCOM.
What shall we wrap the baby in?
Silks are too coarse and velvet too rough,
Shortest lines not half white enough,
Web of right fineness no fairy can spin,
What shall we wrap the baby in?
Softest of colors may cover his bed—
Delicate hues of the sky and the rose,
Tints of all birds that in May-morns enclose,
When on the bosom of sleep drops his head,
He must have something more heavenly instead,
What shall we wrap the baby in?
Nothing that fingers have woven will do;
Looms of the heart weave love ever anew,
Love, only love, is the right thread to spin:
Love we must wrap the baby in.

The Cuban's Prize.

Toward the close of a hot, sultry day,
a small, swift-sailing sloop-of-war, close-
hauled, was moving with silent grace
in the wake of a large schooner, at
whose mast-head was borne the colors
of the Spanish Republic. In the golden
light of the setting sun the names of
the two vessels were plainly visible.
That of the sloop was the Emerald—
that of the schooner, Del Solida.

That the Spaniard was fleeing from
the Cuban—for such was the national-
ity of the sloop—was evident from her
endeavors to increase her already re-
markable speed.

Upon the deck of the Emerald clus-
tered a score of dark-faced sailors,
while apart from them, leaning
thoughtfully against one of the three
guns which the vessel bore, was a man
upward of twenty-five years of age,
clad in a well-worn uniform, and pos-
sessed of a handsome, manly counte-
nance, unmistakably of the Cuban type.
His dark eyes scanned the gilded wave-
lets of the Caribbean and the graceful
schooner alternately, their expression
expectant, exultant. It was plain that
the distance between the two vessels
was rapidly lessening, despite the ex-
ertions of the crew of the Del Solida.

One of the sailors, a huge, honest-
faced Cuban, past the middle age,
presently approached the Captain and
touched him lightly upon the shoulder.
"Had I not better fetch the long gun
to bear upon our foe pretty soon, Cap-
tain?" the old sailor asked, as the
young commander turned his face to-
ward him.

"Not just yet, Diego," he answered,
smiling at the impatience of the veteran
gunner. "We are drawing nearer the
beauty each moment, and there is yet
time enough for you to give her a les-
son from your pet, with greater cer-
tainty of its being effective. Besides, if
we fire upon her now, she will doubt-
less return the shot, which will stand a
chance of crippling us to us great an ex-
tent as herself. When we are suffi-
ciently near to make the shot sure of
doing good execution we will fire. For
the present I am content to know that
we are surely overtaking her, and that
she must ultimately succumb to the su-
perior fleetness of our Emerald."

Diego bowed and turned away, but
abruptly returned to the side of the Cap-
tain, and said:

"We are certain of overtaking the
schooner, but are we equally certain of
conquering her crew, Capitano Despil-
faro?"

The face of Benito Despilfaro, the
young Captain, flushed as he replied:
"We have an equal number of men,
and are you willing to acknowledge one
Spaniard, in an unjust cause, to be
equal to one Cuban, fighting for the
liberty and honor of his country?"

Diego's eyes seemed to emit fire as
he realized that he had doubted the
progress of his countrymen, and his
deep voice rang with patriotism as he
replied:

"Equal! why, I would face a dozen
of the cowards myself."

The young man smiled. His words
had effected their purpose.

Half an hour later the sun had sunk
from view, and the golden moon rose in
his place. Then Benito Despilfaro gave

his consent to the request of the im-
patient gunner. Diego sighted the omi-
nous long gun, and presently sent its
thunderous roar over the waters. Anx-
iously the Cubans watched the course of
the shot, which, true to the guidance of
the old man's eye, crippled the bulwarks
of the schooner, and struck the main-
mast at a point a few feet above the
deck. For an instant it swayed to and
fro, then, with a crash it fell to the
deck, entangled in a maze of canvas and
ropes.

In the dim moonlight men could plain-
ly be seen cutting away the rigging, and
in a few minutes the demolished mast
fell, with a splash, into the sea. The
Cubans anxiously awaited the return
shot which they knew would be forth-
coming.

The schooner, deprived of so large a
portion of her sail, now moved slowly,
and each instant her foe drew nearer.
There was no hope for escape by flight
for the Del Solida now. Suddenly she
huffed, and from her starboard side a
double flash emanated, and the roar of
the two guns reverberated over the
water. The shots came dangerously
near the mast of the sloop, one of them
crashing through the bulwarks and
humming within a yard of Benito.

"You can give her one more shot be-
fore we are near enough to board her,
and aim to dismount one of her lar-
board guns ere she brings them to bear
upon us!" was the command of Captain
Despilfaro, uttered even as the shots
from the enemy buried themselves in
the sea astern of the ship.

As directed, Diego brought the re-
loaded long gun to bear upon one of the
larboard guns of the Spaniard, and once
more the gunner's "pet" sent its shot
upon its errand of destruction. A shout
of admiration for the skill of Diego went
up from the lips of the crew, for the
gun towards which he had directed the
shot was dismounted amid the flying
splinters from the grazed deck of the
schooner.

The cry of admiration turned to a
murmur of amazement as the crippled
vessel suddenly lowered sail and drifted
idly upon the swell of the sea, seem-
ingly awaiting the approach of her foe.
For a minute the moon was obscured
by a cloud, and the schooner became
invisible, save from her binnacle light.

When the moon again appeared the
Del Solida rose and fell upon the puls-
ing sea within a cable's length of the
Emerald, and the objects upon her
deck were plainly visible to the crew of
the latter. Standing close to the bul-
warks nearest the sloop, was the Cap-
tain of the Spaniard, dressed in
the uniform of the Spanish
navy, and holding by the hand a
beautiful girl, apparently twenty
years of age. The features of the latter
were almost deathly white, while her
eyes were turned with an appealing ex-
pression toward the Captain of the
sloop. In one hand the Spaniard held
a revolver, which he pressed to the
temple of the maiden. Fearing to run
afoul of the schooner, Despilfaro
brought the sloop's head about, the
Spaniard having drifted partially to
the starboard of the former and gave
the order to grapple the latter as they
ran along side. The order was obeyed,
and the crew of the Emerald stood ready,
with their weapons in their hands, to
board the Del Solida when our hero
should give the order. Before the latter
could give that order, however, the
Captain of the schooner cried, in a gruff,
menacing tone:

"Don't you let a man of yours step
aboard my craft, unless you wish me to
blow out the brains of this girl! She is
a Cuban, and is the daughter of one of
your crew! A single hostile demonstra-
tion on your part will insure her instant
death! Permit me to depart in peace,
and a hair of her head shall not be
harmful! There is too much treasure
aboard of my craft to hazard an encoun-
ter with you. Doubtless you recognize
the necessity of obedience to my com-
mand!"

Before Benito could reply, Diego, his
bronze face pale and anxious, stepped
to his side and exclaimed:

"For God's sake do not exasperate
him, Capitano! That girl is my daugh-
ter, Josefa, and he will surely execute
his threat!"

The girl's eyes sought the face of the
speaker, and with a cry of agony she
swayed in the arms of her captor.

Despilfaro gazed into the face of his
faithful gunner a moment in hesitation.
Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to
him, and he gave the order to let go the
schooner.

"You have the advantage this time,
senor!" he said, in answer to the Span-
iard. "But you may yet be taken at a
disadvantage and have to succumb. I
do not wonder that you dare not permit
your crew to encounter mine, if they are
all as cowardly as yourself!"

The Spaniard was compelled to swal-
low the taunt of his foe, though he
ground his teeth in rage.

The two vessels drifted slowly apart,
and the moon was once more obscured
by a cloud. Despilfaro had been watch-
ing the cloud in question, and when it
had cast its shadow upon the sea, he

gave the command in a low tone to low-
er a boat. The command being obeyed
with alacrity, he entered the boat, to-
gether with Diego and three of his crew.
Scarcely a sound disturbed the silence of
the night, save the operations of the
crew of the Del Solida, as they got her
underway. The boat was rowed silent-
ly toward the schooner, and, ere the
moon again appeared, was close under
the stern of the latter, grappled fast.
In the meantime the sloop stood a few
points to the south of the course of her
foe, but kept carefully within range of
her guns.

Despilfaro listened intently to the
sounds upon the deck of the schooner,
and, evidently satisfied with their im-
port, waited for the moon to become
again hidden, watching the scudding,
squally clouds impatiently. Presently
the coveted moment came, and with cat-
like stealth, he climbed upon the deck
of the schooner, having first made sure
that his maneuvers were unobserved.
He glanced hastily about him and took
in every object at a glance. The crew
were all forward, while only the Cap-
tain and his fair captive were aft. The
former was engaged in resuscitating
Josefa, and, in the dim light, was bare-
ly visible to our hero. Benito walked
boldly toward the Captain and touched
him upon the shoulder. He turned, and,
with a silent, adroit movement, the Cap-
tain caught him by the throat, and, with
his clenched fist, struck him a terrible
blow upon the temple, rendering him
absolutely insensible.

He laid his foe lightly upon the deck,
and, seizing the girl, ran noiselessly to
the side of the vessel, and sprang into
the sea, uttering a shrill whistle at the
same instant.

The sloop, whose crew heard the sig-
nal, quickly came about, and bore down
directly upon the schooner, while the
sloop's barge came quickly to the re-
cue of our hero, and he, with his charge,
was unceremoniously hauled aboard by
his friends. The barge, no longer
striving to move unheard, was rowed
rapidly toward the sloop, and in a minute
more was hoisted to its davits
aboard the latter. Cries of chagrin and
dismay came from the Del Solida as the
moon appeared and revealed the aspect
of affairs. To add to their demoraliza-
tion, the gun of the sloop sent a charge
into the midst of the Spaniards. Their
Captain was unfit to lead them, and,
without a leader, they gave a favorable
reply to the summons from Despilfaro
to surrender.

The schooner was found to contain
munitions of war and a large amount of
Spanish gold. She was a valuable cap-
ture, but, as Josefa Diego ultimately
repaid her rescuer, Benito Despilfaro,
by becoming his bride, she was, I think,
more especially, "The Cuban's Prize."

How to Rent Pews.

A minister on the West Side is an
acute observer of human nature. A few
days ago the annual sale of the pews in
his church took place, and there were
very gloomy anticipations as to the re-
sult on account of the stringency of the
times. But the devoted clergyman was
equal to the emergency. The wives of
the two wealthiest members of the
church are not so much celebrated for
outward comeliness as for the beauty of
the soul, and they are exceedingly jeal-
ous of each other. Knowing that if he
could incite them to rivalry in good
works the effect would be advantageous
to the church, knowing also that
there was but one good pew
in the audience, he waited till the bid-
ding had begun, and then slipping
round to sister A., said: "I thought you
wanted that front pew?" "Yes," said
the woman as she shut her lips with a
decided snap, "and I'm going to have
it, too." "Ah!" said the pastor blandly,
"Sister B. has made up her mind to
rent it. She said—this, of course, is in
confidence—that she could not worship
properly with a red-headed woman un-
der the very droppings of the sanctu-
ary." "Oh, she did, did she?" an-
swered his parishioner, with a long in-
spiration: "the creature!" Then the
pious clergyman went around to Sister
B., and told her that he had
overheard Sister A. say that she
could have that pew if she had
to lay her last dollar of earthly dross
on the altar of the sanctuary. Then he
went behind a pillar of the church and
hugged himself in a rapture while the
two sisters went on seeing each other
and going \$10 better with a devotion
that would have warmed the heart of
Hugh Maher. By and by, when the
price had reached \$1,255, Sister B. weak-
ened and took to raises of a dollar, and
when at \$1,359, Sister A. said "\$1,359,"
she caved. Sister A. walked to the table
and drew a check for the amount, and
then, fixing her eyes on Sister B., ob-
served, in a tone of contemplative tri-
umph: "I may be red-headed, but I
can not allow a bandy-legged woman
with a wart on her nose to stand be-
tween me and my salvation." Result:
The pews this year brought consider-
ably more than they did last year, despite
the financial stringency of the times.—
Chicago Tribune

"Linda."

She was at one of the Union school-
houses half an hour before school open-
ed. She had "Linda" with her. She
was a tall woman, forty years old, with
a jaw showing great determination, and
"Linda" was sixteen, and rather shy
and pretty good looking. The mother
said she hadn't been in the city long,
and that it was her duty to get Linda
into school and see that she was pro-
perly educated. When the teacher
came the mother boldly inquired:

"You know enough to teach, do
you?"

"I think I do," said the teacher,
blushing deeply.

"And you feel competent to govern
the scholars, do you?"

"Yes'm."

"Do you pound 'em with a ferrule, or
lick 'em with a whip?"

"We seldom resort to punishment
here," replied the embarrassed teacher.

"That's better yet," continued the
mother. "I know that if Linda should
come home all pained up I'd feel like
killing some one. I suppose you are
of respectable character, ain't you?"

"Why—ahem—why—" stammered
the teacher, growing white and then
red.

"I expect you are," continued the
woman. "It's well enough to know
your children are associating with
Now, then, do you allow the boys and
girls to sit together?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's right. They never used to
when I was young, and I don't think
Linda is any better than I am. Another
thing: Do you allow any winking?"

"Any what?" exclaimed the puzzled
teacher.

"Do you allow a boy to wink at a
girl?" asked the woman.

"Why, no!"

"I was afraid you did. Linda is as
shy as a bird, and if she should come
home some night and tell me that she
had been winked at I don't know what
I'd do. Now, another thing: Do you
have a bean?"

"Why—why—" was the stammered
reply.

"I think you do!" resumed the wom-
an severely. "I know just how it works.
When you should be explaining what
an archipelago is you are thinking of
your Richard, and your mind is way,
way off!"

"But, madam—"

"Never mind any explanations," in-
terrupted the woman. "I want Linda
brought up to know joggery, figures,
writing and spellography, and if you've
got a bean and are speaking to the thea-
ter one night, a candy-pull the next, a
horse-race the next, and so on, your
mind can't be on education. Come,
Linda; we'll go to some other school-
house."

And they jogged.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Military at Baden Baden.

A correspondent writes: Baden Ba-
den is a great resort for German officers,
who come here to air their handsome
uniforms, and to strut and make love
to all the pretty girls who will listen to
them. I have seen a good deal of
"strutting and spurling" in my time,
but never anything to compare to that
indulged in by these fellows. They are
unquestionably a very handsome
set of men, for it is one of the requis-
ites to the appointment of an officer in
the German army, that he is good-sized,
has a good figure, and I think I might
add, has the ability to "put on a good
deal of style," and when they prome-
nade by the side of a pretty girl, at the
Kursaal, they put me more in mind
of a turkey gobbler strutting with his
wings drawn in June-time than any-
thing I can think of. They are dressed
in a light blue uniform, a frock coat,
pantaloons to the leg, strapped down at
the bottom. Around them is a gilt belt
to which their swords hang, the ends
dragging the ground, and generally
they wear long spurs on their heels.
They make a very bad impression
upon the men, but the girls, and
especially our American girls, greatly
admire them, and say "they are so
handsome." I saw some of them dan-
cing. Generally, from an American
point of view, they are poor dancers.
They can only dance the round German
waltz, and move very fast. They wear
their spurs, and hardly ever fail to tear
the lace and trimmings of the lower
part of the ladies' dresses, and some-
times ruin them altogether. Since the
Franco-Prussian war the German officers
have things pretty much their own way,
and some of their ways are very disgust-
ing to the quiet, sensible Germans. Ger-
many to-day is one great military camp.
I am awakened every morning by the
sound of the bugle.

And! A German chemist has obtained
ferrocyanide of tetramethylammonium
by saturating ferrocyanic acid with
tetramethylammonium-hydrate.

—California's wool clip is expected
to reach 50,000,000 pounds next season

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Purs and calls" may be properly
defined thus: You put your money in
the hands of a broker for the purpose
of speculation and call for the profits in
vain.

Mrs. SMITHS, of Fulton, is old-
fashioned, and calls rather "mother,"
and neither "mother," but you eat a
piece of her mince-pie once, and you'll
never stick up your nose at her again.
—*Fulton Times.*

A RESOLUTION has been introduced
into Congress for the investigation of
the habits of the grasshopper. The
true inwardness, not to say crookedness
and general disregard of consequences,
exhibited by this insect of late years
fully warrants this step. It means death
to the orchelimum vulgare; also to the
concephalus ensiger, the phaneroptera
angustifolia, the phylloptera oblongi-
folia, and the phalangopsis maculata.
Let the blow descend.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LITTLE do you think, madam, as you
turn over the gloves and inspect the
ribbons in a palatial dry-goods estab-
lishment, that the modest, unassuming
citizen who waits upon you with so
much deference may not have had a
box of cigars in three days! Nay, per-
haps has been obliged to drink beer be-
cause hot rum was far beyond his hum-
ble means! Oh, that the rich would
sometimes give a passing thought and a
little from out their ample wallets to
their poor brethren! Oh, that—that
will do!—*Inter-Ocean.*

A VERY pointed conversation was
overheard on Congress Street last even-
ing. A young man had just come from
the Museum and was in the act of see-
ing his beloved to her home. As they
passed up the street the conversation
turned to the play which they had just
enjoyed. Judging from the conver-
sation he was finding fault with the love
scene between Charles D'Arbel and
Hortense. "I could do better than
that myself," the young man remark-
ed. "Why in Heaven's name don't you,
then?" she replied. Then there
was a long pause.—*Portland Press.*

THE BELLES OF LAFAYETTE.
[By the Laureate of a Royal Crown, in the Terre
Haute Express.]

Hear the footsteps of the belles—
Lafayette belles!
What a torrent of profanity their clattering fore-
feet!
Why, they'll wake old Rip Van Winkle
As they stomp along the pave,
And with gutter mud o'erstep inkle
Every passer in a twinkling.
While each footprint is a grave;
Singing mud, mud, mud,
In a sort of chronic flood,
To the utter consternation of the promenading
swells!
From the belles, belles, belles,
Lafayette belles—
From the elephantine peltails of these belles.

How Emigrants are Swindled.

The Omaha Herald of January 11th
says: For several days past emigrants
have been coming through this city,
bound west, who have exhibited gold
coin which was spurious, and which
they obtained in Chicago, at a place
which they say is No. 100 Washington
Street, South Side. This coin is made of
rolled plate gold, filled with nickel, or
some other cheap metal. The emigrants
are worked upon by agents, who inform
them that their greenbacks will be of no
value after they get to California, and
that they must buy gold with them.
The agent then steers his victims into
these places where the spurious coin is
sold, on the pretense that these are the
cheapest places to buy gold—that is,
the premium is lower. We saw yester-
day on the emigrant train, bound west
for California, two Dames, one of whom,
named Nels Lawson, had two five-dollar
pieces of this base stuff, which he said
he had obtained at the place mentioned
above, paying for it \$11.30, every cent
he had in the world after he had bought
his through ticket. His partner, Chris-
topher Williams, had \$50 of the same
money. These scamps in Chicago even
have the cheek sometimes to put off
"spielmarks" on unsuspecting and ig-
norant foreigners for gold, taking their
greenbacks by the hatful. An old Ger-
man, a few days since, who was going
to California, went into J. B. Vanden-
ker & Co.'s, at 337 Tenth Street, and,
after making some little purchases,
threw down on the counter one of those
spielmarks for twenty dollars, with as
much earnestness as though he had
seen it fly right out of the United States
mint on the wings of a double eagle.
The clerk told him it was no good.
"Wha-a-a-t!" exclaimed the horror-
stricken German, "him no good? Mine
Got, I pss a whole pag full fun him mit
my money." And sure enough he had
about a half-pint of them, which he had
bought for \$20 gold pieces.

It is evident that there is regular, sys-
tematic robbery of these poor people
going on in Chicago, and the thieves
get their victims from among the emi-
grants, in preference to other people,
because they know they will be gone
before the fraud is discovered, and then
they cannot go back to prosecute them,
for want of funds, and have no friends
to aid them in the prosecution. Let the
detectives look into this matter.